# FRUITCAKE

Volume 9 = Spring 2024

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Check out our website:
fruitcakemagazine.com

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Fruitcake Magazine is a student-run organization that annually publishes an anthology of student produced art.

## Mission Statement:

Fruitcake Magazine is devoted to the creation and celebration of visual art forms, allowing artists of all levels of experience to express themselves and share their perspectives through the media of comics, cartoons, drawings, doodles, visual narratives, graphic stories, etc. We strive to amplify the voices of those who may not otherwise be heard in our society, and we hope that the stories that readers find within our pages inspire them in turn to create something of their own.

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Millie Hacker
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Front Cover - Kira Liao

Inside Front Cover - Maya Crolene

Inside Back Cover - Charu Sharma

# A Letter From the Editors

Fruitcake hopes this magazine finds you well.

Welcome to our humble, hellish abode—please hang your coats, take a seat by the flames, and make yourself at home.

This year, Fruitcake has dedicated our efforts to provide artists of all kinds with a community—a kind of community that is against tradition and formality, where works of art are celebrated and given opportunities to be shared.

Through holding weekly events, hosting an art gallery on campus, and producing this magazine, Fruitcake is proud to have made an impact on the campus community as a whole. It was this year we realized something:

*The real Fruitcake was the friends we made along the way.*

Fruitcake hopes to continue our quest to carve out spaces for individuals to express themselves and use art in a way that is subversive and empowering. In our future, we hope that Fruitcake continues to grow—especially now, during a time where it is most important that we stand together.

Please make sure to keep all appendages and digits in the ride at all times during the descent.

Without further ado, Fruitcake Magazine is most proud to present our ninth volume.

MIAU
MIAU
MIAU

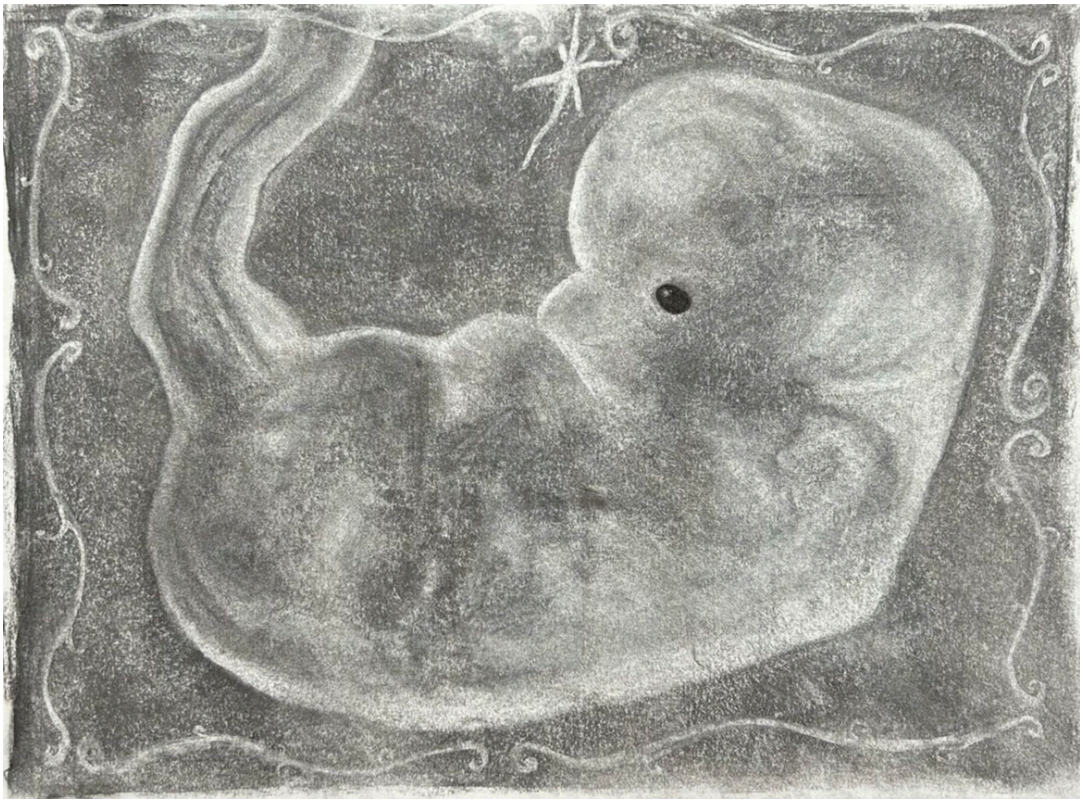
L. Monique Willard (@lovelylau.ryn) - ‘how much red wine is OK per day?’

Revilo (@oliver3vilo) - 'Is that Yam about to eat my Hand?'

Karen Asakawa - 'By Chance'

@deerinchase - 'Sug Feast'

Ethan Huynh - 'Just Me'



Marvin Smith
(@420softie)
'Little Baby'

## What Did You Do With Your Gap Year?

split horns a spindly, macabre mosaic,
sculpted bone gaunt and beautiful -
a spirit withers, hellbent on
destruction.

his thoughts a shrill bleating against
his battered skull, urging
worn and restless hooves
onward.

that stubborn creature runs his
bone marrow brittle,
shedding fur lackluster,
square pupils sick and
hollow.

the ache of endless day stretches into
months of loathing his vessel,
its resilience,
and that creature still dares to cry in
regret of lost time, and the
parts of himself he hasn't yet
killed.

Daniel Mair (@1cehead) - 'What Did You Do With Your Gap Year?'

Maya Crolene (@myspacemaya) - 'Stormy Santa Cruz'

Maya Crolene
(@myspacemaya) - 'Bang'

Samantha Chang (@swimmy_x) - 'Can You Shut Up'

10/02/23

The shade fades quickly from the grass and arches around.
The spaces between the leaves in the trees hold all the waves in the sky's lustful blue.
Hand propped up on the concrete benches, the smooth and stained surface feels perfect to the touch.
The alternating volumes and sounds silences the racing thoughts of anyone who passes.
I reach out to the sky, climbing the branches around to get closer and cooler and the blue engulfs the buildings around.
The fear of the deep water dragging me holds no weight as my climb becomes frantic, helpless.
The wind that cycles over and over feels like glue draggins over my arms and legs, the frantic feeling becomes overwhelming.
I break, the blue is all around me, not cold nor warm.
the buildings and pillars are long gone behind the screen in my vision, their image transparent here.
The blue feels lovely dissolving my arms and legs.
Though I feel a tap on my shulder and turn around to see I've always been sitting here. How sad it seems.

Athena Williams - 'What Lies Beyond Eyes'

@ffionatang - 'In the Wild'

Millie Hacker - 'Mora', 'Trochee'

## graffiti after the rain

fresh rains seeped some soil soft.
my shoes squish the slushy mud.

i sink in, it sticks a bit
with each smooching step.

a path is dappled with mushroom caps

but the mud sticks quicker,
the trail is now slicker.

my palms were balmy
but the mud is now crusted on them.

how do the cows, the cattle, waddle through
this?

i lag behind them,
trod on to tarnish the bench with
my tag of soddy marker varnish.

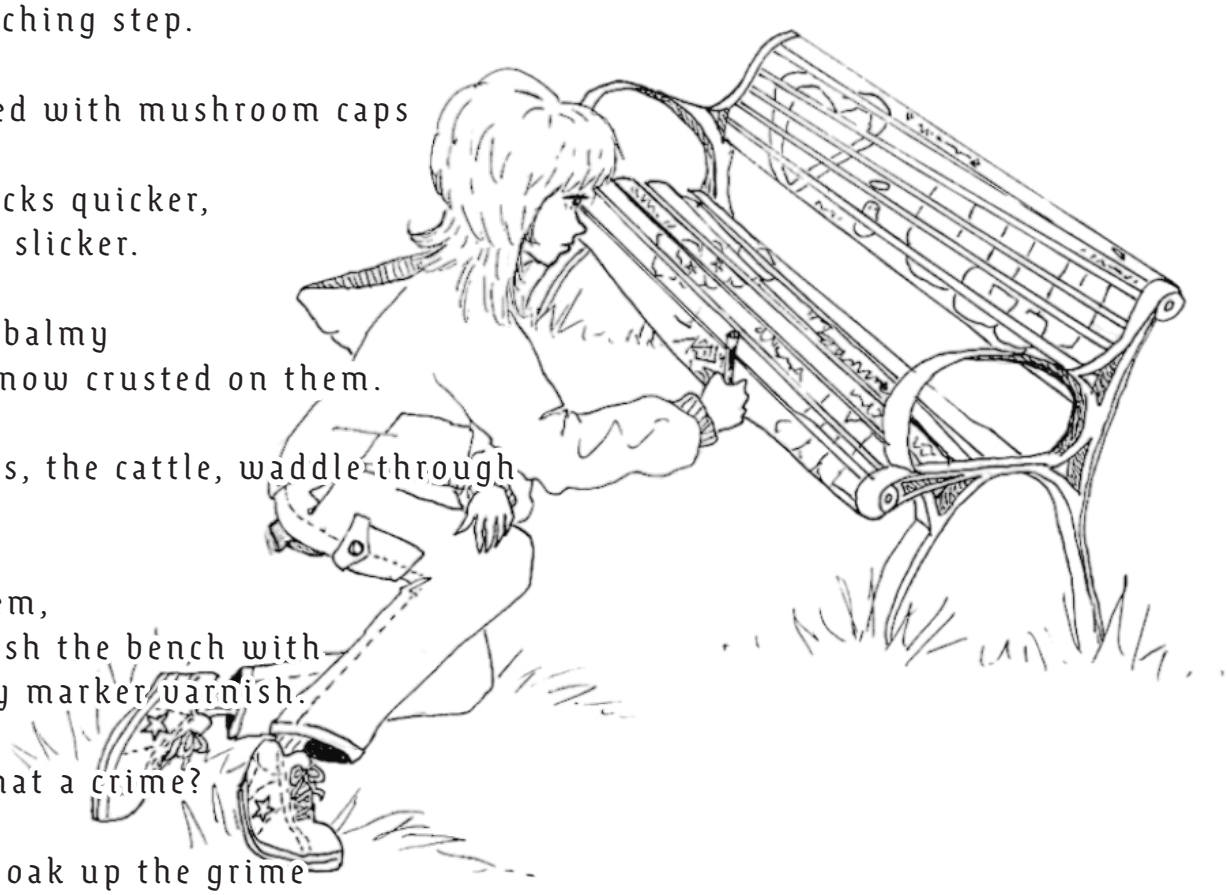
i was here. is that a crime?

i'm seeking to soak up the grime
of my parents' chronic limestone
words cobbling and hobbling each other.

i was born from pain. isn't this all i am for?
what more is there? boredom?

or my whore body and my sore spirit?

all i am is who i'm freed to be.



Akira Santerre (@cattsunami) - 'Graffiti after the rain'

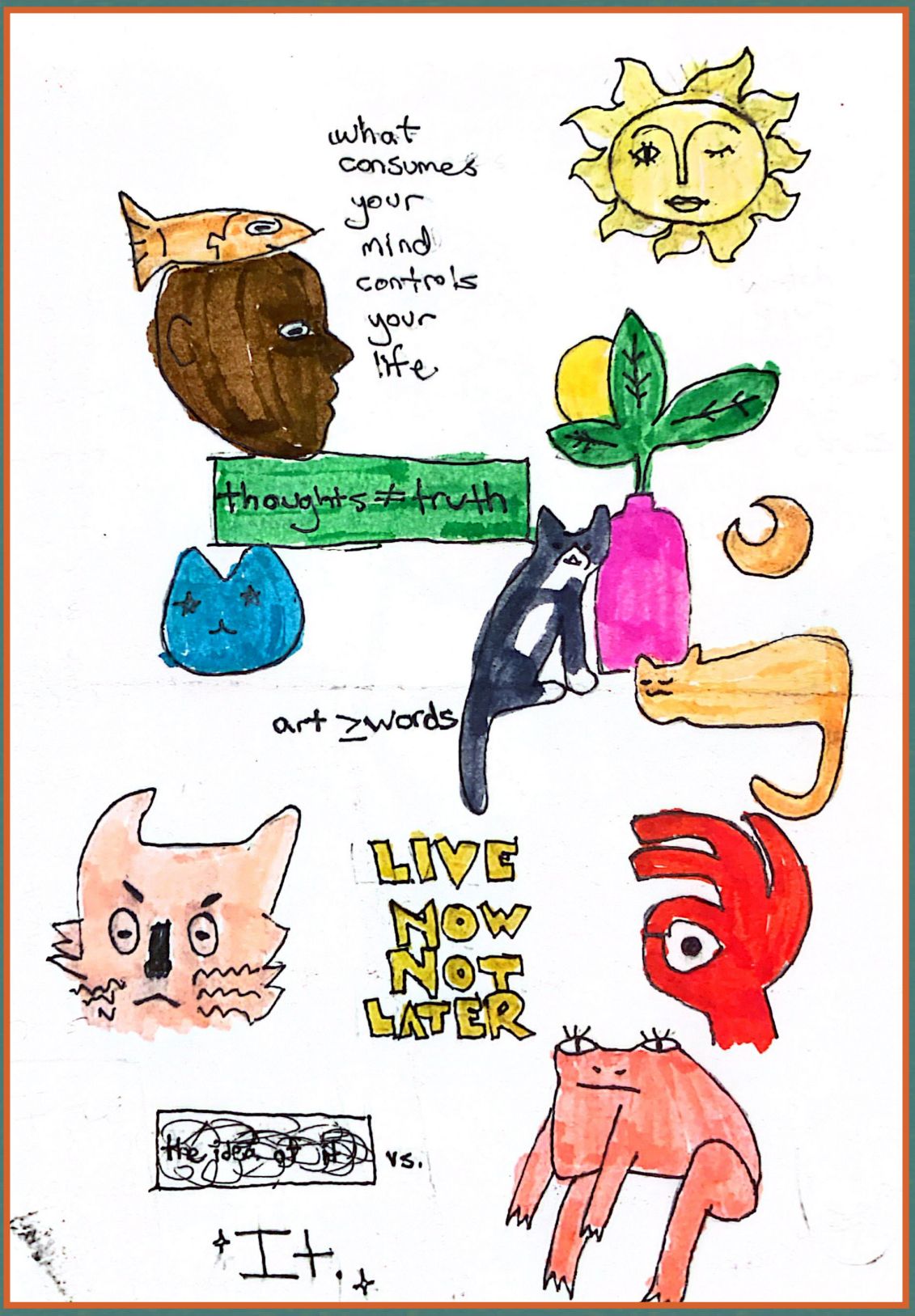
Skyla Frauenheim (@into.my.notebook) - 'Star Boy'

Samantha Chang (@swimmy_x) - 'In the Stars'

Jesse Johnson - ‘Gay little machine’

@5miraclemusicalgrid - 'everyone shld listen to naddpod'

marigold echo - 'Beach Fingerpaint'




Charu Sharma (@candiedcashews) - 'Catlage'

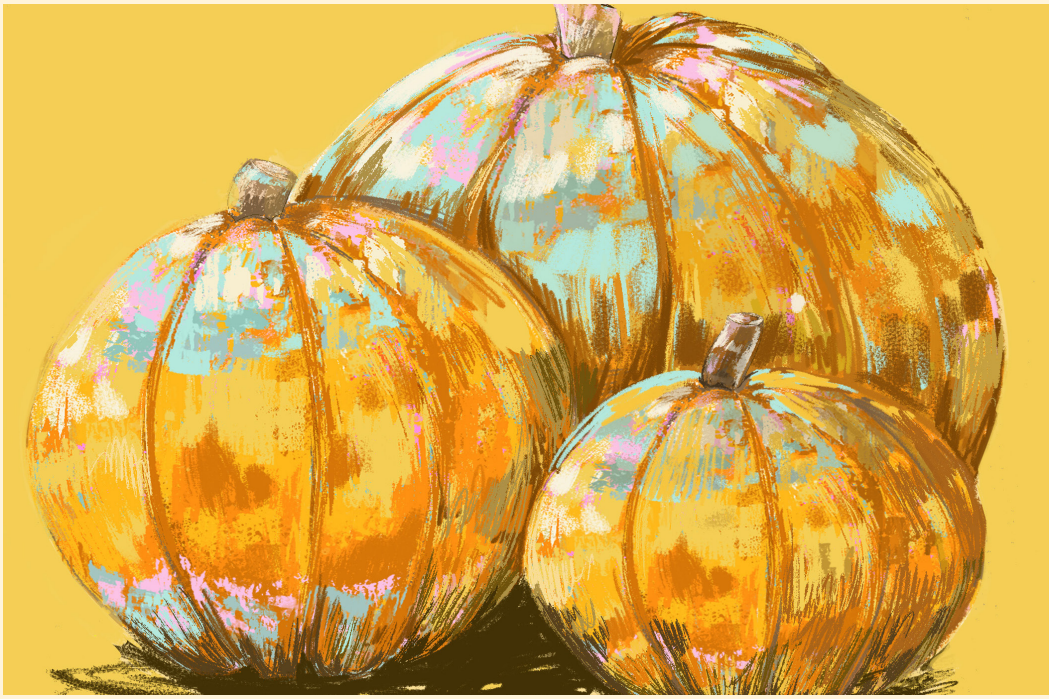
@wheezeh_ - 'No Red'

@reagan.r.adams
'Why do you stare?'

Gabriel Wyatt - 'SEIZING THE THREAD'

Mia Perez - 'I am like the grass'

Anushka Hada
'Pumpkins in Fall'



@chance_billick
'P-108'

## Zephyrus

Golden harps sing out to wreathen fields
As sweet singing nymphs play with lovers' delights.
Dressed in mortal flesh, the sun sings
And kisses the poor boy's body

The boy's body pale beneath his.
Golden threads drip down
Apollo, you ride your burning chariot,
Your burning throne, with ashen blood

Poor slain boy, pale beneath your sister's moon
The wind howls and riots and cries
And ignorant spring comes, and violets open
From the poor boy's heart

In the overgrown orchard where the sweetest nymphs play,
Over the song of blue jays,
Wildwoods gardened by no man, lies the flowerbed of your lovers
Gratitude for their love repaid thrice in full

Yet, I remain eternally, sweeping over them,
Gathering them in bundles and bouquets for you
Turn to me, o god of the sun, turn your face to the wind
And leave me with burning bruises

Love me the way you love mortal flesh

Dylan Cabreros - 'Zephyrus'

Clare Dowling - 'moth to a flame'

dreaming past the barbed hook

fish on a line, he wrenched
me along by the mouth, ripping,
dragging me for miles
along fraught surfaces of rage
-tossed whitewater,
noticing not how the salt gathered
round my eyes, so busy was he
filling his own sails
with hot wind.

now, he takes me to market, splays
me out over a bed of ice and
flays
me
alive, making sure to peel
off each scale slowly,
as one would a ripe fruit's skin.

he told me as he pulled
me apart that my flesh--
de-boned and spine-
less--
was what he most desired, and hung
me from his highest hook, tail
first, blood red gills flaring outward
in a crown of gore.
i was
beautiful

as i lay dreaming of the time
before hooks were cast and
taught lines were drawn,
the men gather
spitting sweet- sounding poison
over fistfuls of dollars, postulating
perceived prices over my
opened flesh.

my color is fading,
and the ice, it's starting to dilute
my pooled blood pink.

as i lay here, for years,
it seems, i dream
of a love unstained by the iron
of the bait and blood.
as if in response, his teeth
glint the reflection of a distant
sea; home mirrored
in bait taken, illusion.

he leaves me, pockets more full
than when he came.
i hang, still, expectant
of the next hook.

Clare Dowling - 'dreaming past the barbed hook'

Sydney Young - 'porter b dorm'

'Yin and Yang'
Photographer/Creative Director: Harmonie Malengo (@harmocaptures)
PA: Amari David (@amarimcd) | Stylist: Ijeoma Emeh (@moodybutterfly)
Talent: Ijeoma Emeh (@moodybutterfly), Sarah Ikekhua (@planetsaraaah)

Madelyn Trimpi - 'Luna moth'

@ ziziziz__ng - 'Whoopsies Daisies'

## Five More Minutes

In April, the Earth turns in its restless sleep.
A warmth starts to kick away the blankets.
Suddenly I can hear the cicadas bringing the trees to life.

And everywhere I look, the Earth is mumbling for five more minutes of sleep,
And I'm out in the dark in a jacket I don't need,

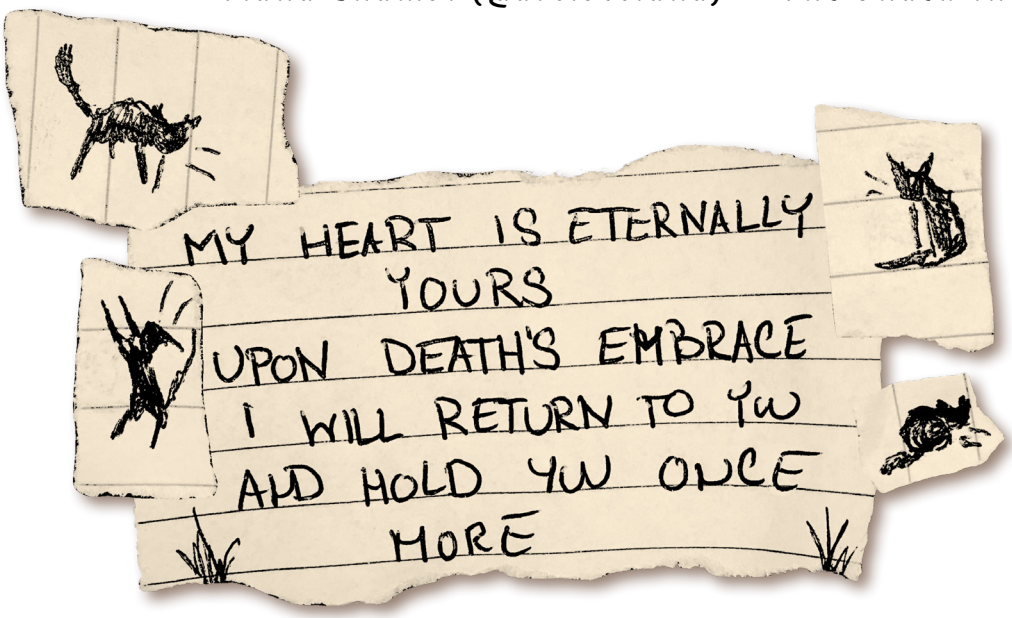
The fallen cherry blossoms trailing my steps.

N. Williams - 'Five More Minutes'

@ zizizi z__ng - 'Linger'

Tiana Chamsi (@artisttiana) - 'The Getty Gardens'

Tiana Chamsi (@artisttiana) - 'The Shack in the Booklet'




Nailea Llamas (@brackish_sward) - 'mi gatito hermosa'

@rominarcalvi - 'Mechanisms of Violence'

Mother's towels live in the tub
They are never washed
But you are always washed
Smells of lavender and cardamom oil swarm my hair like bees
I've always been scared of bees
Their malicious protective style
That harms them more than who they sting
Unless who they sting is allergic
Then that's fucked up
But around you bees ar e harmless
And my only fear is abandonment

Yesterday we were kind to each other
You held my face in the palms of your hands
And told me you find me special

My mother accidentally shrunk her sweater, and in that moment I softened
Her face so sullen  I pulled her in for a kiss
She reminds me of a child
Fragile but easily pleased
Sometimes when I look at her I see the picture of the little girl that hangs above her bed
And I feel as though I am the mother not the other way around

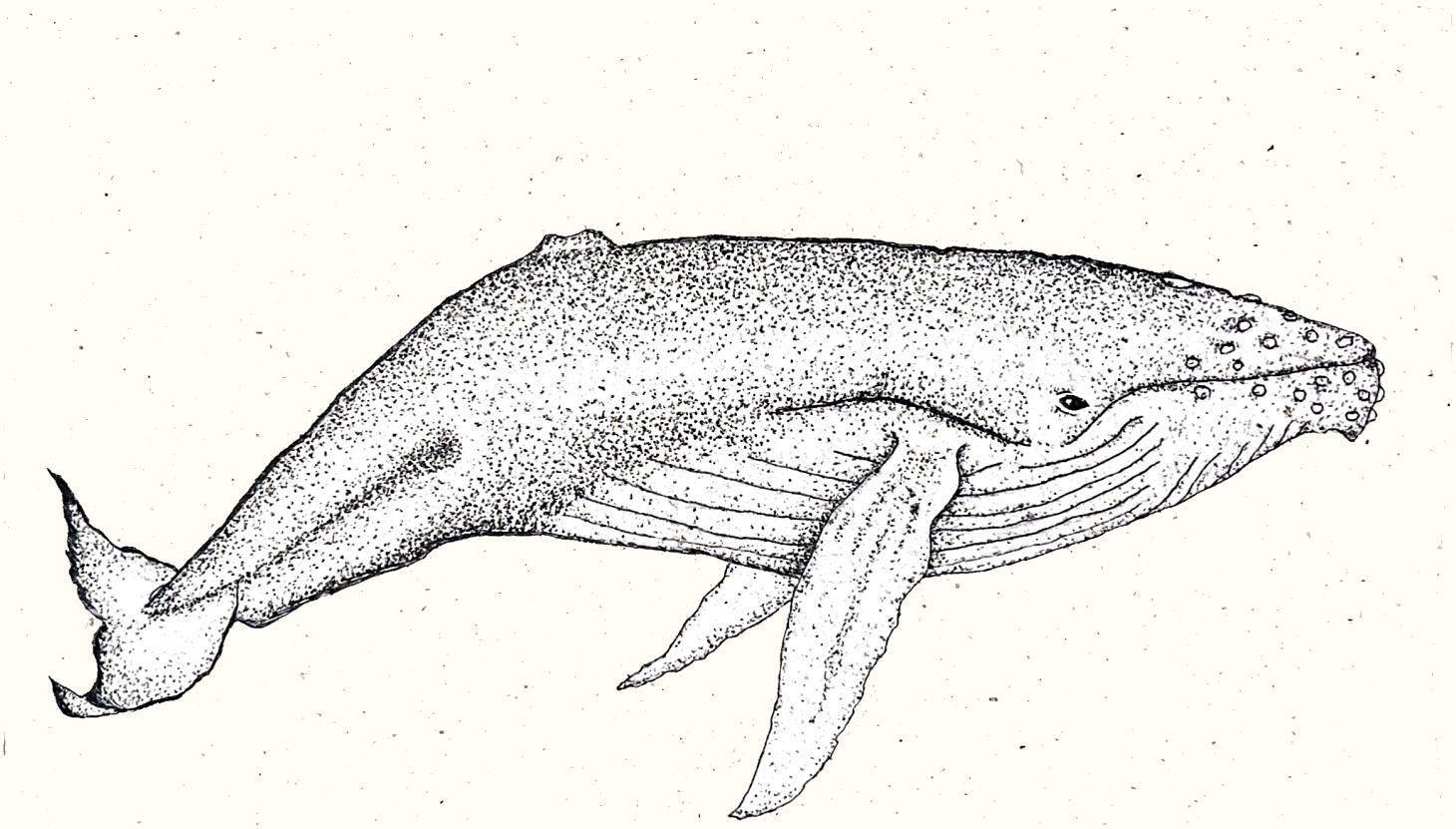
I wore the shrunken sweater to your house
The fuzz now clings to my skin
The way our bodies cling to one another
Fearful to be lost again

I assume all things will unravel like rolls of string
Everything I've ever needed to make sense eventually will
Like how the sun will eventually rise and then set and then rise again
And how the stars will come out and I'll wish I was beneath them
Listening to the silence of togetherness with you

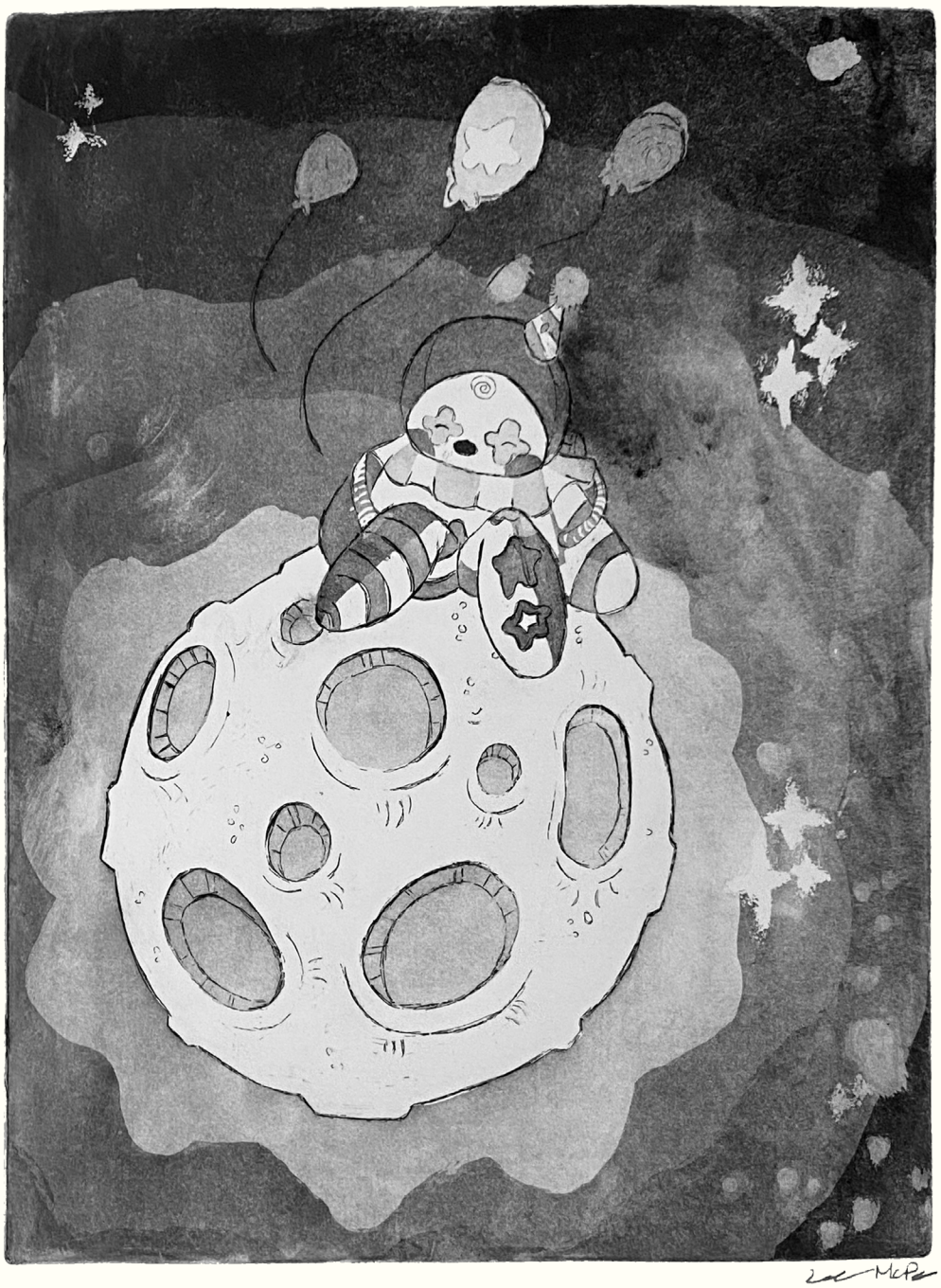
You and I take walks
I tuck flowers behind your ears
Because it makes you look sweet and it makes me smile
We spend restless nights
Wrapped up in each other because it's the closest feeling to coming home I've felt in awhile

Tomorrow I'll forget how sadness felt yesterday
How it crept in like fog
The feeling i get when i stand above cliffs and long to soar down like a bird but not take flight
Let the sun catch me and wrap me up into a blanket
Cradle me and tell me that things will unravel like string
But sometimes balls of string don't unravel
They build up knots and are impossible to undo so I give them to my cat to play with
At least it's good for something

Sasha Wizelman - 'Unraveling '

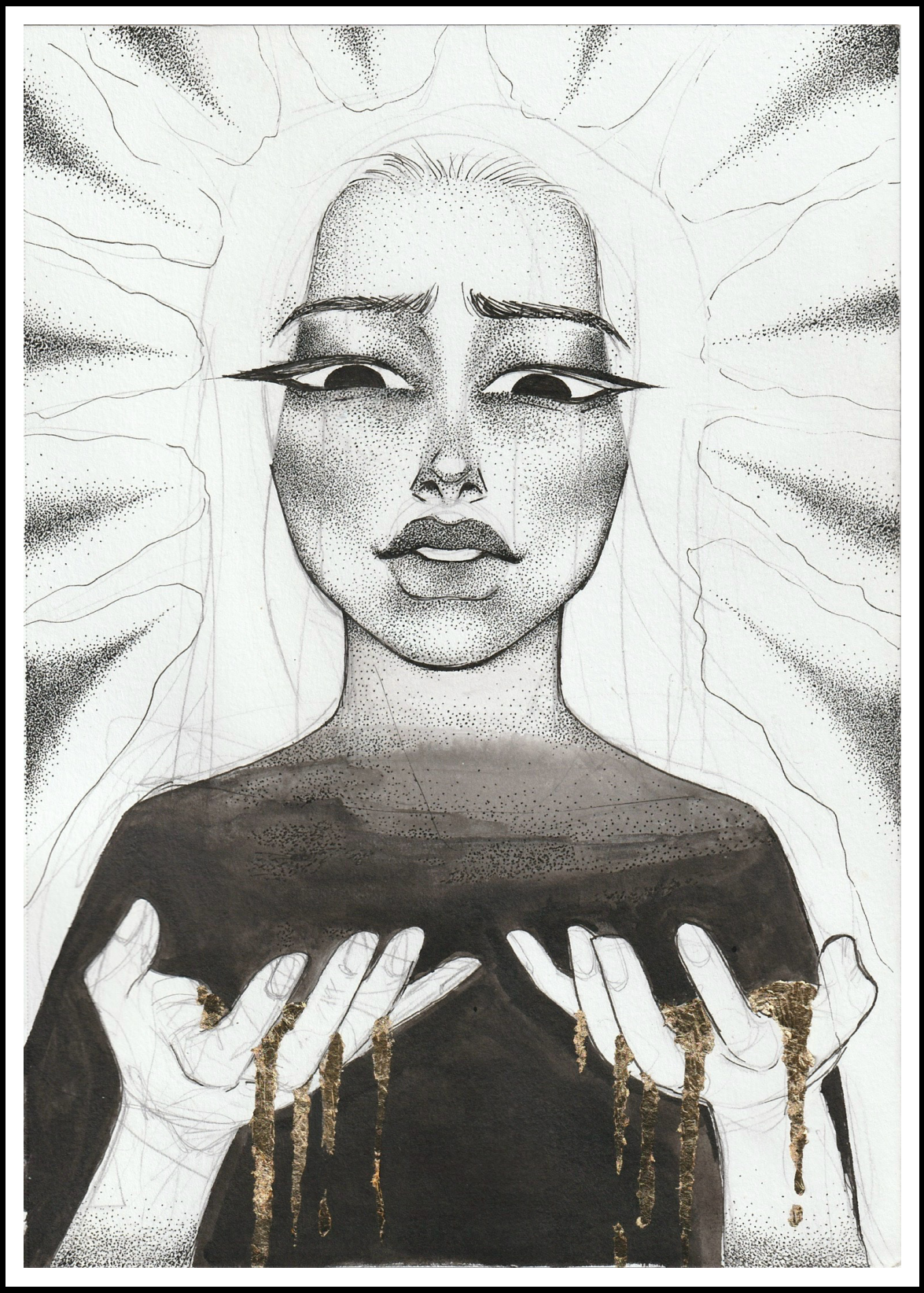


Tangerine (@hiiterra) - 'Just Blue'

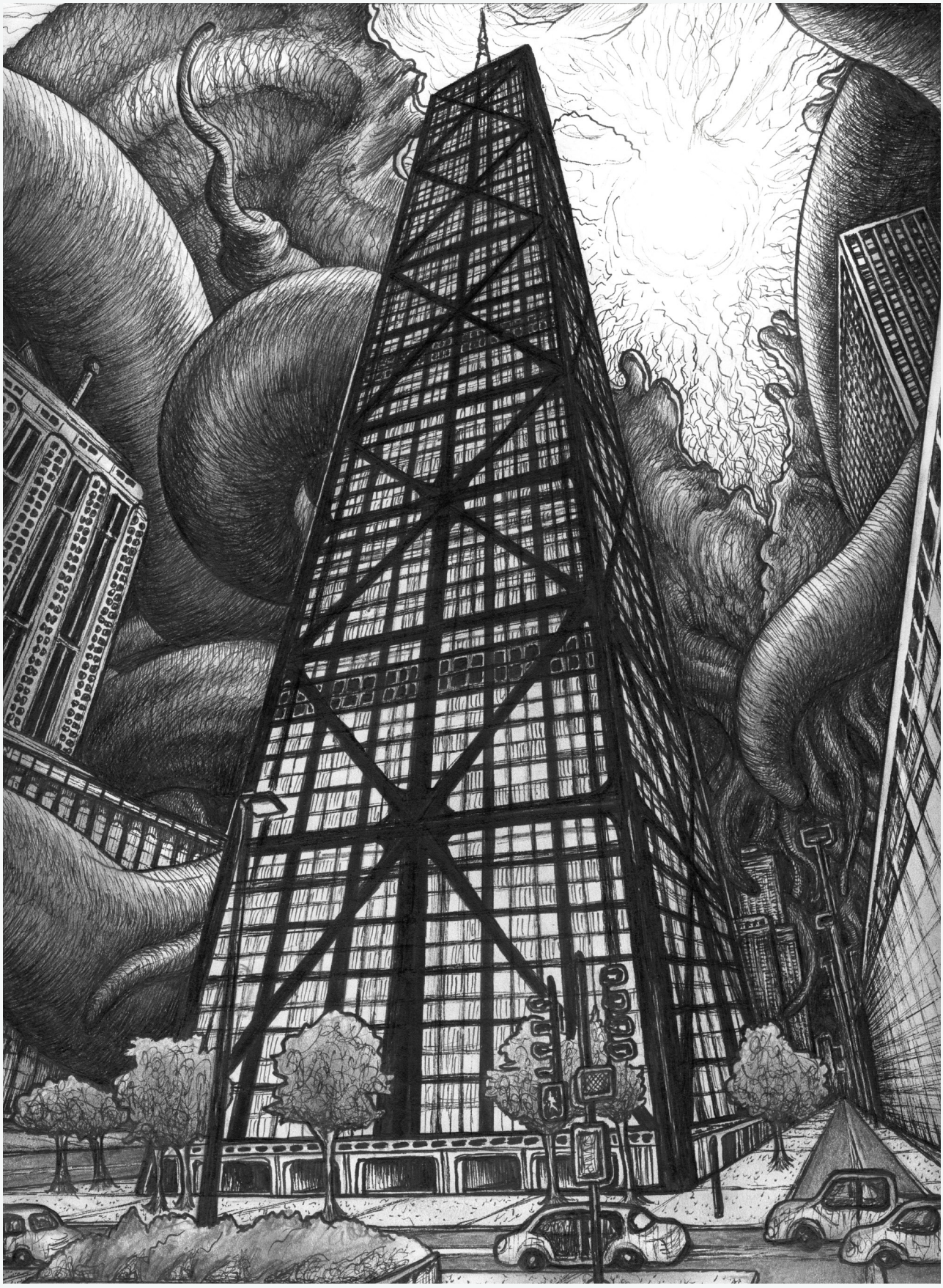


Lauren McPherson - 'Space Clown'

Maya Crolene (@myspacemaya) - 'Dream-Realm'



@hypnotyic - 'Pointless'



@nolanhunt101 - 'Emrakul'

@nolanhunt101 - 'Phyrexia landscape'

**Love Drug**

silken clouds and blurry sheets,
bring me love in the shark's jaw.

in false pretenses I am lost,
you can find me in the blushing daydreams.
I'm driving with the dome lights on,

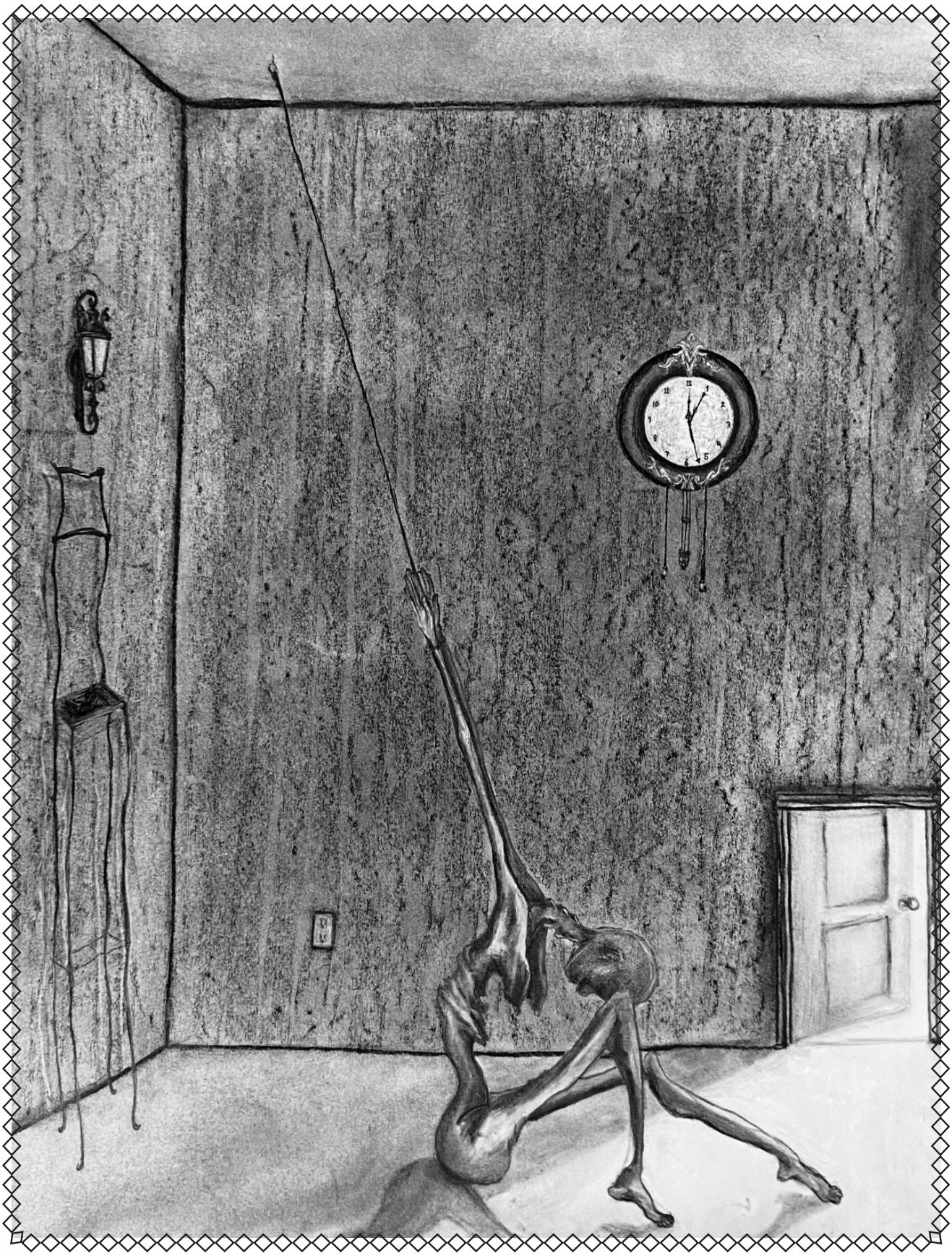
love is powdery, dusts my fingers.

love is sugary and sweet,
a tablet that dips itself onto my tongue,
dissolving until the revealed bitterness
of the drug spits itself into my hand,
until the hallucinations fall away beneath me.

shark tooth in my side,
i am left alone in this silk-less bed.

N. Williams - 'Love Drug'

@scarlettzuzuart - 'There's so much for me here.'



@scarlettzuzuart - 'Bind (1/3 of Triptych)'

# Truly, thank you.

We would like to acknowledge those who have contributed to and supported the production of this magazine.
Thank you to our financial contributors who made it possible to print this magazine: College Nine Senate, Cowell Student Senate, John R. Lewis College Governing Cooperative, Kresge Parliament, Merrill Student Government, Oakes Student Senate, Porter Student Senate, Stevenson Student Council, Porter Student Senate, the Dean of Students, the Division of Student Affairs and Success, and the Student Organization Funding Advisory Committee.

Thank you to Student Media for supporting student organizations like Fruitcake and providing the resources students need to explore their creativity as media makers.

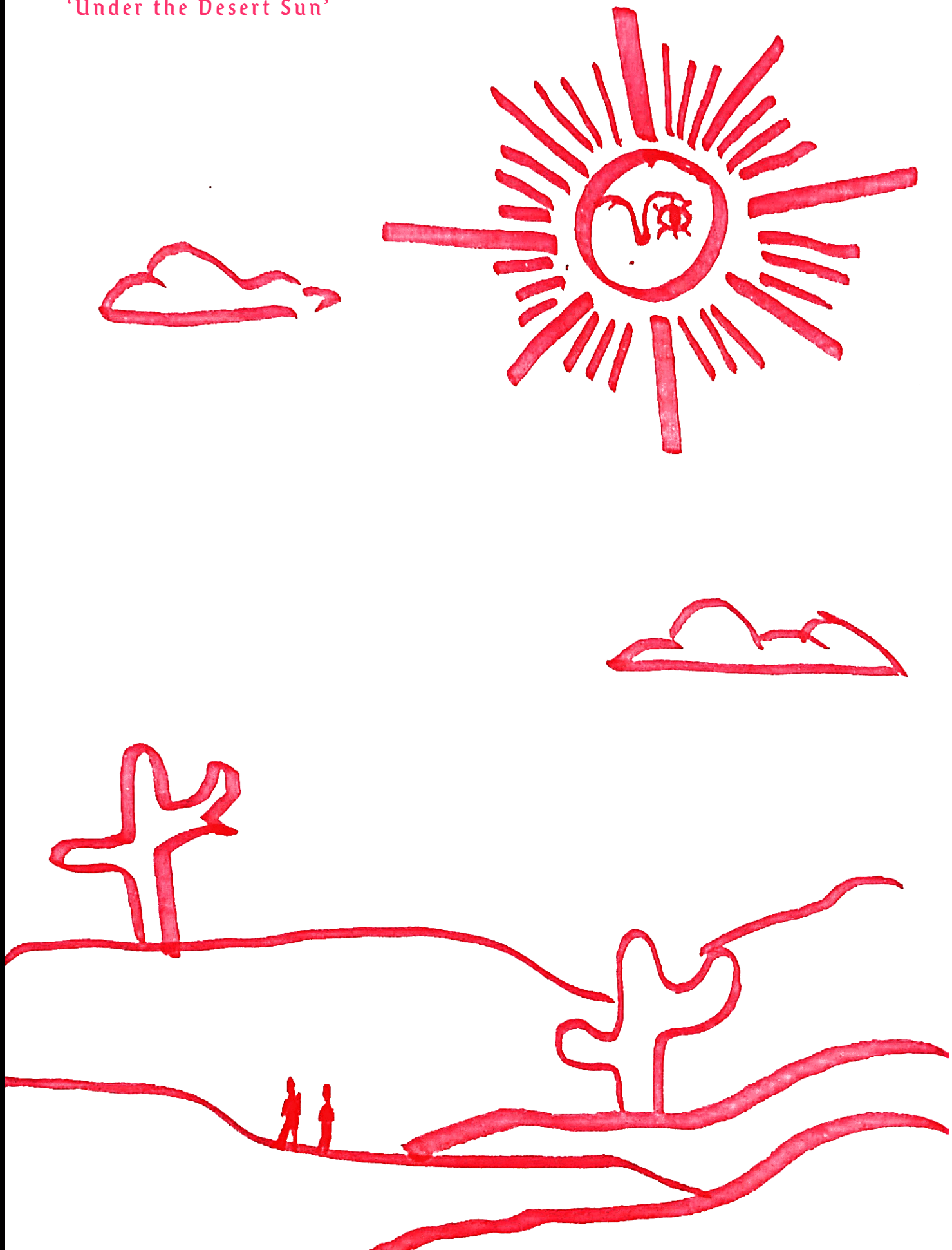
Thank you to all of the artists who submitted their work to this volume.

Thank you to our printers and the entire staff at FolgerGraphics for their work and support.

Lastly, thank you to the educators and staff members who have provided guidance to us along the way—we wouldn't be where we are without you.

XOXO,
FRUITCAKE

Charu Sharma (@candiedcashews)
'Under the Desert Sun'



**fruitcake**
*noun*

- a cake containing dried fruits and nuts.
- (informal) an eccentric or insane person.

## 1. Crossword Puzzle

### ACROSS

4. A series of tests to assess suitability
5. Intense physical and mental suffering
6. What covers the grounds of hell
8. Silly guy with a painted face (honk)
9. A grand celebration

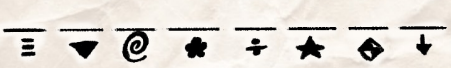
### DOWN

1. Tiny sparkly shiny goodness
2. The man who journeys through hell
3. Can be made into celebratory animals
4. The 9th circle of hell
7. Name of who is punished to push a rock up a hill for eternity.
10.

## 2. Word Scramble

Complete the word scramble below.
One letter does not belong.

**WHAT IS THE NEW TYPE OF PREY?**



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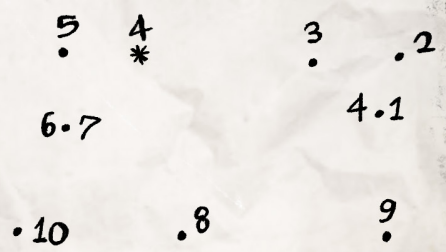
## 3. Connect The Dots

Connect the dots in sequential order.
Draw the letter that was out of place around dots 10 and 9.